A Massachusetts Woman in the Philippines.

Fiske Warren.

Notes and Observations.

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A MASSACHUSETTS WOMAN IN THE PHILIPPINES.

DIARY.

March 12th, 1903.

We reached Nagasaki Sunday and spent the forenoon ashore, seeing temples and shops and tea gardens. Our only experience here was being mobbed by the rikisha men, who have the well-deserved reputation of being the toughest in Japan. However they did us no harm, and when we had finally selected one of them we had no more trouble.

We anchored off the Woosung late Monday night, and went up the river the next morning in a drenching rain. The launch reached the landing place about half-past eleven, and we went over to the hotel where we had to wait until quarter past twelve for tiffin. After tiffin I wandered about a bit, and then went to look up Sr. Castro's house. I found that the Szechuen Road address was his business address and that he was no longer there. They gave me his house address, however, 56 No. Szechuen Road, and I went out there, and sent in my card. I was evidently entirely unexpected, and my arrival produced considerable consternation. Finally, however, Mrs. Castro, who is Portuguese, appeared, reinforced by a couple of Filipina friends and her oldest daughter, a girl of about thirteen or fourteen. I explained who I was and they sat down and looked me over, and, being finally reassured as to my harmlessness, settled down to smoke and chat, and I had a very pleasant call. Sr. Castro, they explained, would not be at home until about half-past five, and they were very anxious that I should return then, so that I might see him and he

might send letters or messages to Hongkong. I promised to do so, and in the interim set out to see what I could of the town. It was far too rainy and disagreeable to stray very far, and I did not get outside the foreign concessions.

When I returned to the Castros', I found Sr. Castro. He explained that he had just received Mr. Warren's letter concerning me, which had evidently come with me on the China, and which had not been delivered until nearly five o'clock; and he was very much distressed that it was too late for him to do me the honors of the town, take me to see the "Hidden City," etc. He did not have much news to tell. As to Mabini, he had not much to say, but he was evidently a little cast down. He evidently felt that Mabini had finally come to a point where, helpless as he is, he could take no other course. He said he thought it very probable that Ricarte would come to him in Shanghai where he would try to find work for him. He told me also that he thought Aguinaldo had practically decided to go to the United States very soon. The plan is for him to give lectures, and take with him several other representative Filipinos.

Sr. Castro is evidently very proud of his two little girls. He made them play duets for me, but they were much too terrified to do themselves any credit. Although they were evidently unprepared, they invited me to take supper with them. If I could have thought of any reasonable excuse, I think I should have declined, for Sr. Castro was evidently embarrassed by the small way in which they are living, their poverty is only too plain. In their anxiety to do something to honor the occasion they sent the cook out to get some native Chinese "chow" for me to try. Time passed and the cook did not return and no signs of supper appeared. Finally, when it was almost time for me to go to catch the launch, which was to leave at nine o'clock, Mrs. Castro went out and herself cooked me a bit of steak and some rice, which, with the assistance of Sr. Castro and the two friends, they finally got for me at about half-

past eight. Poor Sr. Castro was much distressed by the failure of his hospitable intentions, and begged me to let him know beforehand when I come back so that he may have a chance to show what he can do. He and his two little girls went with me to the launch.

The little girls speak English very prettily; his wife speaks enough Spanish so that I could get on with her fairly well. My Spanish appeared to amuse them very much; they had no difficulty in understanding me, but my accent is evidently not what it might be. Sr. Castro is anxious to return to the Philippines, but thinks it would be hardly safe as yet; he is also anxious to visit the States.

Dr. Cleaver, the missionary for Shanghai, has obtained permission from her people there to go on to Hongkong with us and stay a week. She will go up to Canton with Miss Noyes who is returning to her work there. Poor Dr. Cleaver has suffered a good deal with seasickness, and really needed a little rest before beginning her work. I think she dreads it a little. Miss Noyes has been a missionary in Canton for twenty years, and is returning to her work after an absence of nearly two years. She tells quite simply of how, at the outbreak of the Boxer troubles, the Chinese came around the mission house and demanded the heads of the missionaries, so that they considered it wise not to leave the house for three weeks. She also tells of having children with bubonic plague laid in her arms by their troubled mothers, and of how the Chinese, when they are a little excited cry "Kill, kill!" after them as they walk through the streets. These incidents do not prevent her from feeling very glad to get back, and from having a genuine fondness for the Chinese. The first serious trouble in Canton, she says, was caused by an employee of the custom house, an Englishman, I believe. One afternoon he became very drunk, and being desirous of enjoying himself, he took a loaded pistol and went out and proceeded to shoot Chinese. He killed two and wounded a couple of

others. The Chinese were naturally incensed and demanded justice, and the man was tried and condemned to a brief, very brief, imprisonment; only two or three weeks, I think Miss Noyes said. This left the Chinese feeling very ugly, and when a little later a Chinese messenger who was carrying a letter to one of the steamships leaving port, was pushed off the wharf and drowned by one of the steamboat men, the Chinese came down in a mob and demanded that the steamship people pay damages. The steamship people appeared to have been merely amused by the presumptuous nature of this demand, and pushed off without paying any attention, whereupon the mob proceeded to burn foreign buildings right and left, a thing they had never done before.

Mr. Dempsey, the lumber and hemp man from Oregon, is keenly interested in conditions in this part of the world, and is a very open minded and intelligent man,—more so than self-made men who have always been in one line of business sometimes are. He would be a good anti-imperialist if he were an easterner, but he has been carried away by the overpowering imperialist sentiment of the west. The sentiment along the Pacific coast, he explains, rests upon a very simple basis; they are near enough to the Islands to get some profit out of them, and therefore they are in favor of keeping them. The easterners are so far off that the Islands will never do them any good, and therefore they can afford to indulge moral and virtuous reflections. He makes close observations wherever he goes ashore, and when he comes back, he gives us the benefit of his conclusions, which are usually rather interesting. He got a guide and went all through the "Hidden City," and was utterly disgusted with the dirt and crowding.

The Filipino colonies abroad seem to be shrinking somewhat since peace was declared. In Yokohama, young Ponce told me that there were only about a dozen left, mostly students. In Shanghai it appears there are still

quite a number, but mostly sailors. Castro says he is the only one there who takes any real interest in politics; that is to say, who does any political work.

Hongkong, March 17th, 1903.

My dear Mr. ——:

The boat came in a little earlier than she was expected, so I had to find my own way to Sr. Basa's house. Once there, however, I was cordially received, and I am now established at Mrs. Mather's, and in course of receiving calls of ceremony from the members of the Junta. I have seen Ricarte, who proves to be a thoroughly likable sort of a fellow. In regard to Mabini there did not seem to be very much to say. When he left Guam on the Thomas, he had, it seems, no intention of taking the oath; but his health had been steadily failing for some time, and he was seasick most of the way to Manila. The Junta had sent letters to Guam, and to Manila to meet him on his arrival, but none of these ever reached him, and when he found himself in Manila, sick, crippled, absolutely destitute, supposing that the Junta in Hongkong had long since broken up and disbanded, not knowing that he had a friend in the world outside of Manila, he took the oath and went to his old home in Tondo. When I told Ricarte of the President's statement that since July or August they had been free to go anywhere in the world except to Manila if they had wished, his only comment was "That was a lie." The Thomas brought them their first notification of freedom, and Ricarte has promised to bring me the notification of the Governor of Guam to that effect, of which I will send you a copy.

There seems to be not very much doing among the members of the Committee and they are mostly rather discouraged by the outlook.

When Ricarte comes again, I shall get from him, if possible, more details. He is an unassuming sort of person, and, like the knife grinder, seems quite unaware that he

has a story to tell. I will write more fully by the next mail when I have got together all the material I am likely to get here. They have all been very cordial and friendly, although just a little bit embarrassed to know how to deal with a strong-minded woman travelling around the world alone. I took dinner last night with the Basas, and was introduced to a gentleman who goes to Manila on the same boat and who has been commissioned to look after me and see that I get there safely. He is a person of some means and we shall probably be conveyed to and from the ship in a private launch.

Very sincerely yours,

——— ———.

DIARY.

Hongkong, March 19, 1903.

On Saturday, March 14th, General Ricarte and Sr. Lucban, the brother of General Lucban, called to see me at Mrs. Mather's. Then, and in a subsequent interview with General Ricarte, I learned the principal facts in regard to his and Mabini's imprisonment and release. General Ricarte is a young man with a soldierly bearing, and a frank, open, boyish face and apparently of an unconquerably cheerful and courageous disposition. He is not, so far as I could judge, as highly educated as some of the members of the Junta, and is not quite so fluent a talker, but he is keen and thoroughly intelligent, and his attitude toward the Americans seemed both just and generous. He said quite simply and cheerfully that he bore no grudge whatever against them for what he himself had suffered, since this was merely the fortune of war, but it did seem to him hard that during his absence in Guam his house should have been burned, his property confiscated, and his wife and two little girls left destitute, while his wife's younger brother, a boy of thirteen, was apparently either carried off or killed. No trace of him has yet been found.

The prisoners were confined in the Presidio of Asan, which had previously been used as a hospital for some contagious disease. He describes it as being in a somewhat low and malarial location. They were fed almost entirely on canned food, and so distasteful did this become that their stomachs often refused to retain it. General Ricarte referred with especial feeling to a period of several months when they were fed upon a steady diet of canned salmon.

When the transport arrived with a declaration of amnesty, Mabini and Ricarte called attention to the facts that (1) the original order for their imprisonment stated that they were to be held only until the conclusion of hostilities, and (2) that the amnesty proclamation specifically stated that the oath of allegiance was to be taken in the Philippines. To this the Governor replied that his orders from the Navy Department were that all those who did not take the oath of allegiance in Guam were to remain prisoners; and Mabini and Ricarte accordingly remained.

On the arrival of the transport "Thomas" on or about February 8th, they were, for the first time, notified that they were at liberty to leave the island. General Ricarte's letter was as follows:

"No. 49. U. S. NAVAL STATION,
" ISLAND OF GUAM,
" February 9th, 1903.

"Sir:—

" You are informed that in obedience to instructions from "the Navy Department you are no longer held as a prison- "er of war. The conditions of your release are shown by "the following extract from my instructions:—

" 'You will inform them that they can leave the Island " without *making* the oath of allegiance by a government " transport to go to any port outside of the Philippines " Islands touched by the United States Army Transports

" and that on a private vessel they can go wherever
" they will, it being understood however that they will
" not be allowed to land in the Philippines without tak-
" ing the oath of allegiance.'
" You will still be allowed subsistence until the arrival of
"a transport which is expected this month.
" Congratulating you on your release, and with my best
"wishes for your welfare, I am,
" Yours respectfully,
" (Sgd.) M. Sewell,
" Commander, U. S. Navy,
" Commandant.
"Mr. A. Ricarte,
" Presidio of Asan.

General Ricarte at once decided that he would not take the oath at Manila, and wrote to the Governor asking what provision could be made for transporting him to Hongkong, and whether any arrangement could be made for his transportation back to Manila in case he took the oath later at Hongkong. The Governor replied as follows:

"No. 56. U. S. NAVAL STATION,
" ISLAND OF GUAM,
" February 10th, 1903.
"SIR:—
" In reply to your letter of inquiry of February 9th I
"have to state as follows:
" You are permitted to embark on the next government
"transport for Hong Kong if that vessel is to touch at that
"port, but otherwise I can only guarantee you passage to
"Manila where you will not be allowed to land if you do
"not take the oath of allegiance; but in that case the matter
"will be reported to the authorities there who will be under
"the necessity of sending you to some port outside of the

"Philippines, probably Hong Kong, which I will recom-
"mend.
" The Consul at Hong Kong is empowered to administer
"oaths.
" The matter of transportation from Hong Kong is one
"in which I have no authority, and believe the Consul has
"none, but it might possible be arranged at Manila.
" Respectfully,
" (Sgd.) M. Sewell,
" Commander, U. S. Navy,
" Commandant.

"Mr. A. Ricarte,
" Presidio of Asan.

These letters, including the copy of the Governor's instructions, are given *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim!*

General Ricarte says that he asked Sr. Mabini several times on the trip whether or not he had decided to take the oath, and Mabini replied that he had not decided and should not decide before reaching Manila. He is described as being much broken by the long confinment and the unsuitable food, and he was ill on the trip to Manila, arriving in a thoroughly prostrated condition. Ricarte came on to Hong Kong in the Gaelic and was agreeably surprised to find the Junta still in existence; the more so that he landed practically destitute. He says that he thinks he can find some occupation outside of the Philippines more easily than he can in the Islands, since there will be no prejudice or suspicion against him.

He tells me that he was in command of the troops outside of Manila at the time of the rupture of hostilities, although at the time absent in Malolos. When he heard that there had been firing he returned post haste, and at once sent a note to General MacArthur asking for a conference to investigate the affair, and explaining that no orders had been given to fire and that he was ready and willing to do

anything in his power to arrange matters. "And indeed," he said, "I was entirely disposed to investigate thoroughly, and if any Filipino officer or private had fired the first shot, to have him punished. But the General replied that he could not hold any conference with insurrectos. Even then," he added a little bitterly, "he called us 'insurrectos'."

On the face of his copy of General Order No. 4, being the order of imprisonment, General Ricarte has written, "12 Enero 1901 lo entrega de esta orden," and on the back he has written the following list of the first lot of prisoners transported, and of American soldiers:

" Traidos abordo el 15 de Enero 1901, para la deportacion,

Silvestre Legaspi
Jose Buenaventura
Doroteo Espino
Juan Mauricio
Antonio P. Reyes
Bartolome de la Rosa
Norverto Dimayuga
Joaquin Agramon
Eulogio Gonzales

Sergeant D. Alex, Co. D., 4th U. S. Inf.
Corporal William J. Kiefer, Troop B., 4th U. S. Cav.
No. 805
John H. Wanville, Indiana.
Privates:
(Turtle, Co. D., 4th U. S. Inf.
(Montgomery
(Bryan
Barr—Troop B., 4th U. S. Cav.
(Conway. Troop C. 4th U. S. Cav.
(Glaisnes.
(Tanner, Troop B. 6th U. S. Cav.
(Dywer
Patrick — Co. D., 21 U. S. V.

All those of the Junta to whom I had letters of introduction have called, and several others also. Dr. Apacible I saw only for a few moments as he was just on the eve of departing for Amoy on a professional call. He impressed me very favorably, however, and had a certain solidity and self restraint of manner which is rather European.

Sr. Agoncillo whom I have talked with several times, is a fluent talker, and seems by far the most brilliant and keen of those whom I have seen,—and he appears to be quite aware of this fact. His attitude toward the political situtation is rather pessimistic. He considers that the time for obtaining the complete independence of the Islands was in the first few months after Dewey's victory. "Then," he said, "the American people had not acquired the desire for imperial possessions; their traditions were entirely in the direction of liberty and freedom, and if McKinley had not deceived them they might well have granted us what we asked. But now the seeds of imperialism which the Administration has been sowing so assiduously all these years must have struck root, and borne fruit; the American people have been weaned from their old traditions, and the most we can hope to gain by our agitation, however persistent, is some amelioration of our fate. America has started in the path of conquest which Rome and Spain and England have followed, and her onward march is historically inevitable." He still feels, however, that if by continued protest they can gain some degree of freedom and home rule, it is well worth trying for.

Sr. Agoncillo also told me some things as to the average length of life among the Filipinos which surprised me in spite of the fact that I have seen much of the earlier development produced by a tropical climate when in Cuba. He has five children, all girls, and it is certainly one of the man's finest traits that he is deeply interested in their education. The two oldest, aged seventeen and fifteen, he

told me are to take their examinations for Oxford this spring; the next youngest, who is thirteen, is almost ready to take them. When I exclaimed at their extreme youthfulness, he explained. He claims that a Filipino can hardly hope for more than forty years of life, where a native of a colder climate may legitimately hope to live to sixty, seventy, or even eighty years of age. At forty, when a northerner counts himself in the prime of life, a Filipino finds his powers declining, and must call himself an old man; and so true is this, that in a town of several thousand inhabitants, it may well be that not one man can be found who has reached the age of sixty years. On the other hand the children develop with proportional rapidity, so that a Filipino is ready to take up the serious burdens of life at an age when an American would still be counted little more than a child. This theory would, of course, account for the extraordinary youthfulness of all Filipino leaders; it also goes to explain the Filipino impetuosity and unwillingness to wait indefinitely for the blessings of free government; one must live fast with a forty year limit hanging over one.

Sr. Mariano Ponce and his brother, and Sr. Vicente Ilustre have also called. Sr. Ponce was somewhat embarrassed by the fact that he was making a formal call, and could not be betrayed into an expression of opinion on any subject whatever. Sr. Ilustre gives the impression of being a cultivated man, and speaks Spanish with a purer Castilian accent than any of the others. He inquired anxiously whether Mabini's taking the oath would lessen his prestige in the United States, and seemed somewhat distressed at my replying that it probably would.

(Tuesday, March 24, 1903.)

The steamer got into Hongkong at about 4 o'clock on Friday, March the 13th, just twenty-eight days after leaving San Francisco. As no one came out to the boat to

meet me, I left my baggage on board, and started ashore to hunt up Sr. Basa's house. I got a rikisha and told the coolie where to go. He promptly took me to the post-office, and being admonished for his stupidity started cheerfully and confidently down Queen's Road, but presently wavered and finally drew up alongside an Englishman who looked as though he spoke Chinese, and to whom I stated my difficulties. He explained to me that I couldn't possibly get to Remedios Terrace in a rikisha, and advised me to go back in front of one of the hotels and get a chair and start again. I was accordingly dumped on the steps of a hotel, which appeared to consist chiefly of bar room, and there proceeded to negotiate with chairmen until I was once more helped out by the inevitable Englishman. I started off in a sedan chair, and presently to my great consternation, was deposited in front of a hotel somewhere on the hillside. I refused to get out and told them to go into the hotel and get some one to come out and interpret but no one appeared, so I stopped a third wayfarer and got my chairmen started off again. This time they stopped in front of a private house and pointed out to me with pride that it had the proper number. Unfortunately, however, it was on the wrong street. By this time I was getting rather desperate, so I got out of the chair and started at a venture down the road, stopping every person I met with inquiries as to Remedios Terrace, while the two chairmen followed behind, much mystified. After a little I found a man who knew where Sr. Basa lived. He conducted me along the street a little way until we came to a low stone wall with a very small door in it, which, he explained, was the entrance. I was a little surprised at the unpretentious appearance of this doorway, the more so that there was neither door bell nor knocker. However, I opened the door, which led into a little alley-way, and being at a loss which way to turn, proceeded to shout vigorously, until a coolie appeared, to whom I gave my

card, and presently, to my great relief, Stra. Inez appeared and led me in. Then, and only then, did I realize that I had entered the house by way of the back yard, and I am afraid Sr. Basa must have thought my method of presenting a letter of introduction most informal.

However, I was welcomed most cordially, and Sr. Basa explained that the steamer was not expected until the next day. After a little visit, his daughter took me to Mrs. Mather's, where I was provided with a comfortable room. The next morning I hired a sampan, manned by three men, a woman, a baby and a strong smell, and went out after my baggage. They demanded a dollar and a half, and I paid them fifty cents Mex., and escaped alive, which was really doing very well. Later I took a long walk all about the town which is laid out in terraces on the steep hillside, wonderfully well kept and with beautiful tropical gardens.

As soon as I was settled the Junta called upon me by ones and twos, and Monday night I dined with Sr. Basa and his daughters and met Mr. Earnshaw, an English-Filipino mestizo, who is also going to Manila on the Rohilla, and to whose care I was recommended. Two little Srtas. go with him, also, returning from school. Sr. Basa seemed quite impressed by the rumors about the poisoning of wells, and he believes the friars to be the guilty parties. It seemed to be the one thing, politically, most on his mind.

Tuesday morning Sr. Agoncillo came for me, and took me to call upon his wife. She and two of the little girls have been ill with colds, and they apologized because on that account they had not been able to do more for me. The five girls are nice children and all played for me on the piano, long and elaborate pieces.

In the evening there was a dinner at the Basas in honor of Sr. Basa's saint's day, and also to give Mr. Earnshaw, the two little girls and me a send-off. Almost all the Filipinos came except Agoncillo who says he goes nowhere

while his country is in mourning, and General Ricarte who sent word that he was slightly indisposed,—which probably meant that he had no dress suit. The whole thing was delightfully simple and informal. There were too many to sit down all at once, so the extra young men helped serve and kept the piano going. Afterward they danced a rigodon in which they insisted that I should take part, and I have no doubt that my ignorance and awkwardness amused them very much.

General Ledesma was there, and he seems to be a decidedly solid sort of a person; all the others were decidedly young.

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Early Friday morning General Ricarte came to say good bye and to bring his photograph which he had promised me. He was better than his word and brought two; one taken before his imprisonment in his uniform, and the other one which he has just had taken in Hongkong. He was in a mood to talk quite freely, and I was only sorry that the time was so short. He seems to feel the loneliness of his position keenly, and has a very natural desire to see his wife and children. His position is a perfectly simple one. "The oath requires," he said, "that I should take it without any mental reservation whatever, and, feeling as I do about the future of my country, how could I take such an oath? Moreover, if there should be another general uprising, as seems likely, and my country needed me again, I should be a traitor to refuse to serve her; but if I had taken the oath, to do so would be to turn traitor to the Americans, and I do not wish to be a traitor to any one." Then, after a moment's hesitation he added, "General San Miguel is my intimate personal friend, and if the revolution becomes more general again, and he urges me to join him, I shall not refuse." I asked him about San Miguel's object in keeping up the struggle, and he explained that, as San Miguel is not in communication with

the Hongkong people he could not tell definitely; but he assured me that he was a man of high character, and belonging to a wealthy family, so that there could be no question of his being actuated by sordid motives. He supposed that San Miguel felt that to continue the struggle, however hopeless, was the strongest and most effective protest that could be made against American rule.

General Ricarte feels deeply grateful to those in America whose protest resulted in his freedom, and has asked me to say so for him. His words were not particularly fluent, but there can be no doubt as to his feeling, and his honest, boyish face and eager wistful eyes have haunted me all the way to Manila.

The Junta were discreet and none of them came to the wharf, but Sr. Agoncillo brought me a bunch of flowers to the hotel, and Sr. Basa's son brought me another bunch to the wharf.

The Rohilla got into Manila harbor about six o'clock Sunday night,—too late for the doctor to come aboard, so we spent the night in the bay. Our most interesting fellow travellers were Brigadier-General Wint and his party, just returned from India, and a perfectly irresistible Japanese baby which wept vociferously by night and displayed the utmost affability by day.

The doctor came out at about half-past six Monday morning and the customs officials at about half-past seven, and by a little after eight we were free to eat breakfast and go ashore in Mr. Earnshaw's launch, and about half-past nine I started out in a Quila to find Clemencia's brother. He proved to be away on the Purisima, so I went to Smith, Bell & Company's office, and found that Sr. Zialcita was out inspecting a house, but would be back presently. Accordingly I went out and bought a "Cablenews" and sat in the park for half an hour, and then tried again, more successfully. Sr. Zialcita was a good deal astonished to see me, for they were expecting Sr. Basa to telegraph about

my arrival, and had arranged to meet me with a launch. He was very nice indeed, and helped me through the custom house and saw me safely established in the Hotel Oriente, saying that he would come back at about four o'clock and take me to drive on the Luneta.

The hotel seems a fairly satisfactory place, and the meals are good enough of their kind, and would be excellently suited to an Arctic expedition. The bill of fare expressly states that "only canned fruits and vegetables are used," why it would be difficult to say.

It seems that Juliana and Mariquita came down to Manila on the Purisima in time to meet the Hongkong boat that connected with the "China," expressly to meet me, and when I did not appear, they waited a day or two, expecting a telegram from Sr. Basa, and then returned to Balayan only a couple of days before my arrival, and, of course, Manuel went back with them on the boat. He will probably return sometime to-morrow.

Monday afternoon Sr. Zialcita came for me, and we went to see the exhibition of the St. Louis Fair exhibit which is being collected. I was really astonished at the quality of some of the exhibits. There were some very good and interesting carvings dating from the seventeenth century—mostly altar pieces; and some exquisitely fine embroideries of about the same date. The exhibition was closed when we got there, but Sr. Zialcita knows the director and so we were admitted. The director was introduced to me, and proved to be Sr. Joaquin Luna, the brother of the artist and the general. Sr. Zialcita said something to him about me which I did not quite catch, but he became at once very cordial and interested in showing me about, and seemed much relieved that I spoke Spanish. They have a number of excellent examples of his artist brother's work, notably "El Pacto de Sangre." When Sr. Luna found that I had evidently heard of his brother before and was interested in his work, he turned and asked me whether I

had heard of the tragedy of his brother's life; and on my replying that I had, he offered to show us the portrait which his brother painted of his wife and mother-in-law,—his two victims—shortly before the final tragedy when they were living in Paris. He explained that although the picture is going to St. Louis it is not allowed to be exhibited in Manila, where it would, naturally, excite a good deal of feeling. He took us into another room, where the picture stood with its face to the wall, and had it brought out for us; then, after arranging the light, he drew the curtain which concealed the picture. The figures are life size, and it is certainly a fine and strong piece of portraiture. The painter's wife, a beautiful woman in a splendid crimson gown, leans against the arm of the chair in which her mother is seated, whose dark, old face makes the younger woman's beauty all the more striking. There is an expression of restless discontent on the wife's face, and an atmosphere of melancholy about the whole picture that seems prophetic.

About ten o'clock this morning, as I was walking down the Escolta from the post office, I saw coming down the street two Filipinos with a bamboo pole on their shoulders, coolie fashion. Between them, suspended from the pole by ropes, swung the body of another man, presumably dead, and partially covered by a piece of canvas. This rather ghastly funeral procession wound its way down the Escolta without, apparently, attracting any attention from any one. It would really seem as though in a city which has had an American sanitary department for several years, one might expect at least a little larger piece of canvas.

Wednesday, April 1, 1903.

In the afternoon of March 25th I called on Srta. Agoncillo, and had a very pleasant visit; she has promised to go with me when I call upon some of the others to whom I have introductions.

Late in the afternoon Manuel Lopez arrived, and when he learned that I had come during his absence he hurried up to the hotel in much perturbation of spirit. In the evening he and Sr. Zialcita took me to visit the Bautista family. Mrs. Bautista is a sister of Zialcita's wife; she has had fifteen children of whom ten are living, and is still quite young; as her husband humorously observed, the prospects seem good for quite a number more. They are a delightful family, and the older children are musical and played and sang very acceptably. The next afternoon the two older girls took me out to the races at Sta. Mesa. On the way out we ran into clouds and clouds of locusts, and all the afternoon they swirled about the race track, sometimes quite obliterating the other side of the course. Men, women and children rushed about the fields shouting and beating tin pans to keep the locusts from settling on the growing crops, and built little smoke smudges; while others ran about with nets collecting a few for supper;—its an ill wind that blows nobody any good! The horses were all little native ponies, but they did some very creditable running for their size. Everybody bet, and one of the Bautista girls became so excited over one race that she put up a whole dollar, Mexican.

Friday noon at lunch a gray haired and eminently respectable looking little woman sat down at my table, and from a conversation that she had with a woman at the next table, and which I necessarily overheard, I learned that she was a teacher from Vigan and knew Annette Crocker. As soon as the other woman was gone I spoke to her, introducing myself as a classmate of Annette's and when she found that I also was a New Englander, she welcomed me with a clinging eagerness that was really pathetic, and quite opened her heart to me. Her name is Mrs. Martin; she is a Vassar woman, has studied abroad, and was teaching in Springfield before she came out. She is a gentle, refined, little New England gentlewoman, hope-

lessly, helplessly out of place in this atmosphere. She explained to me with shocked disapproval, that out here culture was not appreciated at all; she explained that a teacher's advancement depended far less on the work she did than on her ability to curry favor with her division superintendent, who might be a political appointee of the most ignorant sort, quite capable of spelling sugar with two gs. She warned me solemnly to trust no one, and to be careful to whom I talked, saying that the way in which gossip and scandal of all sorts circulated in the Islands was worse than any inexperienced person could possibly realize. It was hard to find out which she disapproved of most, the Americans or the Filipinos; but her indignation was certainly strongest against the Americans whom she described unqualifiedly as being, in the main, a thoroughly disreputable lot. The chief characteristics of the administration of the school system, as she described it, seem to be incompetency and wire pulling. I saw the poor little soul off for Japan Saturday morning, where she is to spend her much needed vacation.

Friday morning Miss Emma Ross, to whom I had written, called, and that afternoon during a house-hunting drive, and Sunday during a pleasure drive, she told me a good deal about her experience in the Islands. She is a woman of between fifty and sixty years of age,—it is a little difficult to judge very closely, because she now looks ten years older than she did when she left the States two years ago,—and was for some time my father's stenographer when he was Superintendent for New England some six or seven years ago. She is now in charge of the woman's exhibit which is being prepared as part of the Philippine exhibit for the St. Louis Exposition, and is expecting to go to St. Louis next year. She handed in her resignation to Mr. Atkinson last June, after a year's exceedingly unpleasant experience. (Two years ago she accepted an appointment to take charge of the domestic science depart-

ment in the Girls' Normal School here in Manila, and before leaving the States, although she was well prepared to take up the work, she nevertheless spent several months in studying up the most modern systems of industrial training. When the teachers reached Manila, they found that the commissary privileges had been revoked and that no adequate provision had been made for their reception. Even then, Miss Ross says, Dr. Atkinson's incompetency had become so evident that the authorities were seriously considering asking for his resignation; she says she was told this by a man who knows. For two months she was given no work at all; then Dr. Atkinson ordered her to take charge of the boarding house that had been established for the teachers. She describes her work while "matron of a disorderly boarding school" as being exceedingly distasteful; many of the teachers being women of very doubtful fitness, and not a few of undoubted immorality. When the forty teachers on the Thomas arrived, wholly unannounced and unexpected, confusion for a time reigned supreme. Dr. Atkinson's solution of the food difficulty was simple; he issued peremptory orders to the teachers already on the field to advance money from their own pockets and start a mess for the new comers! Later in the year, after having spent two months in the hospital with tropical dysentery, Miss Ross was put in charge of the school for Chinese boys. She says she was interested in the boys, whom she describes as being more intelligent than the Filipino boys; but this was not the work she came out to do, and in June she handed in her resignation, thoroughly disgusted. She says that when teachers complained of the arbitrary way in which they were moved about, explaining that they had come out with a definite understanding of the kind of work they were to do, the only answer they received was that as long as the Department paid their salaries it was none of their business what work the Department directed them to do.

Atkinson's incompetency has all along been most glaring, and both he and Moses were asked to resign. Miss Ross thinks her resignation may have helped on this most desirable event. She became acquainted with Mrs. Moses, and when her resignation was handed in, the Commission asked for her record. The Department reported it as "lost;" but the Commission insisting that it should be found, finally produced it, when the injustice which led to her resignation at once became apparent. Miss Ross says that she wrote a full and fair account of both her resignation and Dr. Atkinson's dismission to the Boston Transcript, which was suppressed *in toto.*

After her resignation she entered the Health Department as a stenographer, intending at the end of the three months' probation, to take the civil service examination; in the meantime, however, the position under the Exposition Board offered, and she accepted it. I was a little surprised by her attitude toward the Filipinos, which is the regulation official point of view: "You can't trust them; the longer you stay out here the less you know about them." This can hardly be due to unintelligent imitation, because she is a woman of independent judgment and breadth and charity of view; but it is more likely due to the fact that the Filipinos themselves take the same attitude of reserve toward her that they do toward all government officials. This makes me all the more unwilling to follow her advice and apply for a clerkship under the government, which, she says, I could undoubtedly obtain without the slightest difficulty and which would, of course, give me an assured income.

Miss Ross confirms Mrs. Martin in her opinion of most of the Americans out here, saying that they are, for the most part, thoroughly dissipated.

Saturday forenoon Manuel announced that he had at last found a boarding place for me that filled every requirement. He was quite bubbling over with enthusiasm and

when I saw the place I didn't wonder, and I promptly closed with the landlady and moved in that same afternoon.

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The house is a big affair, of three stories, and newly built. It was erected as a wedding present for the only daughter of the present occupants on her marriage to an American volunteer; named Wilson. Last year the wife died of cholera leaving a year old baby, which is now living with its grandparents here in the house. The young man, himself, however, lives elsewhere since his wife's death, and only comes in occasionally to see the baby, of whom he seems very fond. The family live on the floor below. On the floor is a big parlor with three rooms opening out of it. I occupy the centre one; a young German who is away all day and most of the evening occupies the room in the rear, and an unknown who is away all the time in the provinces occupies (!) the room in the front. The result is that I have practically the whole upper floor and as the house is the only high one in the neighborhood I have a clear sweep of view and air away out to the mountains on one side and to the sea on the other. The Sra. sets a good table, Spanish style, of course, with abundant fresh eggs from her own hens, and nice, tender little broiler chickens and plenty of fresh vegetables, and no tin cans, for which I am deeply and fervently grateful. On the whole I think I am infinitely better off than if I were huddled into some crowded boarding house in Malate or Ermita where the Americans most do congregate. I am to pay $110 Mexican per month, rate of exchange $2.66, which is rather reasonable as board runs here in Manila.

We called on the Barrettos on the way back to the hotel after settling the matter of the house, and Sunday Manuel and I lunched there, and had a very delightful visit. Sr. Barretto explained one of the reasons why it is so extremely difficult to get good board here in Manila. It seems that

the better class of Filipinos have practically closed their doors, socially, against the Americans, and will not take them into their houses unless they have a reliable introduction from some other Filipino, of good social standing. Sr. Barretto explained this painful state of affairs to me as gently and politely as he could; but he said a little resentfully that, although the Filipinos were doubtless backward, yet still, after three hundred years of Christianity they could not but be shocked by the grossness, rudeness and dissipated habits of most of the Americans out here. I found, for instance, in the course of the conversation, that Sr. Barretto supposed that well bred Americans were in the habit of chewing tobacco, and he seemed quite relieved when I emphatically denied that such was the case.

Thursday, April 2, 1903.

Monday morning I called at the Hotel Oriente and found that Annette Crocker had come down from Dagupan where she had been teaching this last year. She was a classmate of mine in Radcliffe, and was naturally very much astonished to see me as I had not written her that I was coming to the Philippines. She taught last year in Manila; then, finding that she was not really coming much in contact with the natives, she asked to be transferred to the provinces, and, in spite of the fact that Dagupan had the reputation of being the dirtiest and most disagreeable town in the Islands, she says that she has enjoyed her work and "simply *loves* the Filipinos," whom she describes emphatically as being "white," referring of course to their conduct and not to their skins! Her friend Miss Magoon, who was with us at the time, laughed sympathetically at Annette's enthusiasm, but didn't seem inclined to disagree with her. Miss Magoon has been teaching in Batangas province so far in the interior that it required five days in a bullock cart to get out. She seems in the best of health and spirits, however, and is going back in the fall, and

extended to me a cordial invitation to come and stay with her a while next autumn in her house, which she describes as being "the dearest, sweetest, cosiest little haystack in the province." If I can manage it I think I shall go. Unfortunately both the girls were sailing for Hong Kong that same afternoon, and were in a great rush, so I had only a few moments to talk with them.

Sunday night, when I returned from driving with Miss Ross, I found that the young German, who has the room next to mine, was giving a party, and after I came up from dinner he invited me out to join in the festivities. They were all Germans, three women and eight or ten men,—and an abundance of beer and Limburger cheese adorned the tables. The only American was the young man of the house, the father of the baby. (He laughed at the idea that the climate was unhealthy for Americans, and said emphatically that in nine cases out of ten where it proved so, it was a plain case of whiskey and dissipation.) The German who sat next me, and who has lived here over twenty years without apparent injury to his health, agreed to this, and with European frankness added that "it was a very good climate for a married man but very bad for men that were single." I talked with this man quite a little, he seemed to be a keen and rather well-educated man. When I suggested rather tentatively that it might be a good idea for the Americans to withdraw from the Islands, he agreed with me fervently. I doubt, however, whether his feeling was based upon any particular interest in the Filipinos; he probably thought that almost anything would be better than the present mismanagement of affairs. He seemed inclined to get acquainted very fast, owing possibly to the abundance of beer; assumed that he was of a superior social grade to the others present, but that in *me* he had found an intellectual equal, and finally, when I spoke of going to the provinces for a few days, ponderously informed me that my departure would throw Manila into

such darkness that he feared lest he should "himself the stairs down fall!" I concluded that it was about time for me to withdraw, which I accordingly did. They had a very good time in a rather boisterous but harmless and respectable sort of a fashion, and went home about eleven o'clock in that happy but law-abiding frame of mind which seems to be produced in the middle class German by plenty of music, beer and cheese. They do this every Sunday night, and it seems to me a good plan and quite preferable to the American method of going on a lark. Still, I was rather relieved to find that it will be some time before it is again the turn of the young German here to entertain.

Manila,
April 3, 1903.

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Everybody tells me that the proper thing to do is to go into the civil service; that there are at present something like twenty-odd vacancies, and that I shall be welcomed (more or less literally) with open arms; that if I do piece work outside I shall have to work for my money, whereas if I go into the service I shall not, very much, and as the hot weather is coming I ought to plan to take things easy! As a matter of fact the light nature of the government work is the chief obstacle in the way of getting public work. The clerks turn out at five o'clock rested and refreshed after their day's labor (?) and do more or less translating in the evenings or early mornings or Sundays. By adding the proceeds to an already adequate salary they are enabled to pay their gambling debts and keep a carriage and a *querida*. However, after I get back from Balayan I am going to make a determined effort to get the outside work and see what can be done. The officials out here have been described as belonging to two classes; those who are competent when sober, but who are always drunk, and those who are sometimes sober but always incompetent!

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Manila, May 1, 1903.

When I mentioned to the various Americans whom I have met since my arrival in Manila that I intended to take a trip down into the provinces I was greeted by exclamations of surprise, horror and pity for my ignorant venturesomeness.

"You are going to stay four or five days?" one young man said to me. "Well, you will find it quite long enough; you'll be mighty glad to get back to Manila." "Where are you going to stay?" another friend asked, and when I told her that I had been invited to visit a Filipino family she looked indescribably shocked and said, "Oh! you mustn't! These Filipinos are filthy." "But," I said, "these are nice people, well to do and refined." "Mmmmmmm," she said pityingly! "They are all alike; they sleep on the floor!" One woman went so far as to seriously advise me to write to some American in the town and inquire whether the Lopez house was fit for an American woman to sleep in. And I was told that I really *must* take a cot or clean *petate* to sleep on because the boat would be indescribably dirty and there would be no staterooms.

All this was rather alarming, and I began to consider the advisability of taking a complete camping outfit. However, on thinking it over, I realized that very few of my advisers had themselves been much outside of Manila, or had many Filipino friends, and I finally decided to hold to my original resolution, and take only such things as I should take on a visit in any country.

Manuel called for me Thursday afternoon, April 16th, about six o'clock, and the launch took us down the Pasig and out to the steamer just about sunset. The Purisima turned out to be a clean, well kept little craft, painted white, and with two decks. She has very much the appearance of some of the smaller excursion boats which ply up and down in Boston harbor. When I was shown my

stateroom, clean and airy, with a comfortable berth, I was very glad that I had left the cot bed behind. The dining table is on the upper deck, just aft of the captain's stateroom, and as we ate dinner we watched the lights of Manila disappearing in the distance.

Early in the morning, after a comfortable night, we reached Balayan, where we found Juliana and Mariquita Lopez on the beach to meet us and give us a cordial welcome. When we reached the house Mrs. Lopez met us at the head of the stairs, and in spite of the fact that she speaks no Spanish, there could be no doubt as to the motherly kindness of her greeting. The house is large and airy; the lower story being of stone, and the upper of wood, slightly overhanging, like most of the better class of houses here. The upper floor and *entresol* are used for living rooms, the carriages being kept on the ground floor. The house was immaculately clean and fresh, with polished hard wood floors, big foliage plants in the corners and between the windows, and hanging wind-plants in the hall. My room was provided with a bedstead of the usual dimensions of beautiful hard wood, hand carved.

Balayan formerly had about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, but has now only about eight thousand, the decrease being due partly to the war, partly to the cholera and partly to the scattering of the inhabitants in search of better conditions elsewhere. The outlying parts of the town were burned by the Spaniards and insurgents, and almost nothing has been done toward rebuilding these districts. In spite of the fact that the recent insurrection left Balayan almost untouched, complete stagnation and discouragement is manifest everywhere. Many of the principal families are still in Manila; the drought, the locusts and the lack of working animals has made agriculture impossible, and the people are living from hand to mouth and making the best shift they can to get along. The streets are, however, clean, and the ground around the nipa houses well

swept and tidy, in spite of the numerous pigs and chickens. On the evening of the first day of my visit, Felix Unzon, the justice of peace and a fellow-prisoner of the Lopez brothers, and Ignacio Laines called. Felix Unzon is a man of about fifty years of age, of an independent spirit, and still burning with indignation over the various indignities which he has suffered at the hands of the Americans. He is, however, careful not to make sweeping condemnations, explaining that "*some* of the officers are gentlemen," more especially the volunteers who came first to the islands. Ignacio Laines is a young man, with a frank, open face, a fearless manner and attractive personality. He has not yet recovered from his astonishment that, by some happy caprice of fortune, he was not deported with the others.

Not the least picturesque figure in the town is that of Mr. Trace, the schoolmaster. He was originally a sergeant of volunteers, and on his discharge stayed as a civil employee, and has now been in Balayan long enough to identify himself somewhat with the town. He is a tall, raw-boned Nebraskan "from somewhere in the central part of the state"—nobody ever remembers the name of the town—slow of speech and thought, with a somewhat weak mouth, and a look about the eyes that suggests an occasional outburst of temper. Last year he returned to the States for his vacation and brought back with him a wife, a pretty, sweet-faced little woman, who has had the unusual good sense to settle down contentedly and adapt herself to her new surroundings. Mr. Trace celebrated this happy event by building a nipa house on original lines, and buying a carriage and a pair of condemned cavalry horses at bargain prices. Balayan offers no more curious sight to the casual visitor than the little low victoria, which was probably a good carriage "before the war," drawn by the two immense, raw-boned, condemned cavalry horses, Mr. Trace himself upon

the box in his shirt sleeves and Mrs. Trace holding her parasol with all the self-consciousness of the newly rich. Unfortunately, this wonderful outfit does not produce just the effect upon the natives that Mr. Trace probably supposes that it does, and their respect for him was still further damaged by an unfortunate incident which happened last year. It seems that many of the children were very irregular in their attendance, and one of the chief offenders was the little son of Manuel Ramirez, so that finally Mr. Trace determined to make an example of him, and gave him twenty blows. This gave the child such a dislike for the school, that it was several days before he reappeared, whereupon Mr. Trace, bent upon maintaining discipline, repeated the beating, this time increasing the number of blows to thirty. The only result was to intensify the child's aversion, and when he reappeared, after a still longer absence, Mr. Trace, now thoroughly exasperated, determined to make an end of the matter, and whipped him once more, this time counting out fifty merciless blows on the little boy's body. The little fellow shrieked with the pain, and the other children, thoroughly frightened, stopped their ears, shut their eyes and wept with him.

When the boy reached home and his mother saw his condition she was extremely indignant, and after calling the doctor wrote to his father, who was then away from the town, to return at once. Sr. Ramirez accordingly returned in haste, and made a formal complaint before the local justice of the peace, which was supported by the testimony of the doctor who states that the child had not been able to leave the house for several days, owing to his injuries. The result was that Mr. Trace was sentenced to spend fifteen days in jail. When this news reached the ears of the American officers in the town, they were indignant at the outrage to American prestige, and reported the matter to headquarters at Batangas, and accordingly, after three days of imprisonment, Mr. Trace was summoned to Batan-

gas together with the Filipino justice who sentenced him. The result of the conference was decidedly ambiguous; Mr. Trace was released, it is true, but the native official who had sentenced him received no reprimand for his act.

Mr. Trace's school, however, has received warm commendation from the educational department on account of the progress of the children in English, and very largely on this account he has been appointed principal of the summer normal school to be held in Lipa. It seems that at the closing exercises the chidren gave recitations in English, speaking fluently and with good accent. The effect was quite brilliant. Unfortunately most of the children had no idea whatever of the meaning of what they recited, Mr. Trace's Tagalo and Spanish not being sufficient for much explanation.

There are at present two troops of cavalry in the town. One returns to the States on the first of this month, and will be replaced by another. The canteen has now been moved next door to the barracks and the down-town American saloons have been closed, and much stricter discipline is maintained, so that the streets are now pretty safe after dark. I saw no drunkenness while I was there, but I was told that previously very few Filipinos dared venture out after six o'clock and abuses were common. I was told, however, that the conduct of the soldiers when sober was generally good.

The present relations between the officers now in Balayan and the people of the town seem to be on the whole pleasant, although the deep distrust and resentment which our policy has produced among the natives, makes any real cordiality or understanding impossible. The officers were extremely cordial to me, they were invited to dine at the house, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Richmond invited us to dine with them. Captain Colville is now in command but he leaves with the homegoing troop, and Lieutenant Richmond succeeds him. He seemed a thoughtful and

reasonable sort of man, and I ventured to broach the subject of anti-imperalism. When I eliminated from the discussion the question of military abuses, he astonished me by coming out frankly as a strong anti-imperialist. He said that he had been an anti-imperialist before he came out and his stay of four years in the Islands had only strengthened his opinion. He thought that the retention of the Islands in the first place had been a blunder; that it was al most certain that sooner or later we should leave, and his opinion was that the government should recognize that fact, announce it openly, and so end all the so-called "ladronism," and work intelligently with that purpose in view. The younger lieutenants were evidently rather shocked at the radical attitude of their commanding officer. Nevertheless, talking with one of them later, (Lieutenant Kent), he admitted freely that there had been an infinite amount of blundering on the part of the administration; and that a more consistent course would probably have avoided the war. His solution of the difficulty was quite different. "What we want," he said, "is a government of our own. Then we can manage our own affairs here on the spot. We ought to have, beside, direct representation in Congress, say, three American and two Filipino representatives." I was considerably interested in this scheme of government, and should have liked fuller details, but unfortunately some one began to play a waltz and the conversation came to an end. I gathered also from various remarks, that the army does not consider that the civil government is a particularly brilliant success, and they rather resent the way in which the responsibility for looking after helpless school teachers is often unceremoniously thrust upon them in isolated towns.

One evening two sergeants came to the house to call. One of them, a German by birth, was quite content in the Islands and meant to remain after he was discharged. The other was very different; he was evidently very young

and more homesick, and for the first part of the visit he gazed solemnly at the ceiling and could not be persuaded to talk. When, however, in reference to something that had been said, the older man turned to him and said, "You spend all your money in just foolishness; you don't drink at all," the boy was startled out of his apathy, and sat up blushing and indignantly denied the accusation. Indeed he did drink; he guessed he knew how to spend his money on a spree as well as anybody; only he didn't believe in this getting drunk all over the street. He thought there was a deal too much of that sort of thing; but when you were quietly in quarters it was different. And of course you didn't want to do it too often. Having once begun to talk he went on and told his story. He was in school preparing for college, I think he said, and was off in a neighboring town with the baseball team, when he ran across an enlistment station, caught the war fever, and enlisted without waiting to mention the fact to his parents. When his father found out what had happened he was terribly distressed and tried to have something done about it, but the boy was headstrong and insisted upon going. While he was in the States in camp he said he had a pretty good time, partly because he had friends who were interested in him, and partly because, by writing pathetic letters separately to his father and mother, he got considerable sums of money from them. Here in the Islands it was different, and he is counting the days to his discharge. He says he has a sister in Bryn Mawr, and looks as though he came from a refined family.

Sunday afternoon, April 19, we all went up to Kalaka, five miles distant. The roads were indescribably bad and deep in dust. We were obliged to ford three of the five rivers we crossed, and in several places the road was so bad that we were obliged to get out of the *carromatas* and walk. There were quite a number of nipa houses

along the road, nearly all new and built since the reconcentration period. It was almost impossible to believe that during the Spanish times this had been a good carriage road running through a fairly populous district. Two well built stone and iron bridges still remain as evidence of this. No attempt seems to have been made to rebuild the bridges that have been destroyed.

Kalaka itself is a pretty town, and has not been burned to any noticeable extent. We made calls upon two or three people, including the priest and a very delightful Sra. who has beauty and good spirits enough to keep up the courage of the whole town.

Tuesday we spent the day in Tuy as the guests of young Pendleton who is in charge of the sixty constabulary allotted to this district. Lieutenant Pendleton occupies the largest house in the town, a fairly comfortable structure of bamboo and nipa. Not being a very experienced housekeeper, and an invasion of four women into his domain being a most unusual occurrence, he was inwardly much disturbed as to how his boy would manage with the dinner. However, the constabulary rallied nobly to the rescue, and while several squads roamed the town in search of knives, forks, plates and other table ware, and still others foraged for food, most of the force appeared to be in the kitchen assisting the cook. At any rate the little ell was full of dark figures in full uniform, earnestly pounding steak and stirring soup. They turned out a very creditable meal indeed, and the Justice of the Peace, who had come in to pay his respects, helped the flustered boy to wait on the table with natural dignity and courtesy that was very graceful.

These constabulary are not, as their name would imply, in any sense a civilian police force, but really form a military organization whose purpose is to fight the wandering insurgent and robber bands which infest the country,

and, together with the scouts, they form in fact, although not in name, a colonial army.

Tuy was burned to the ground by the Spanish, and the stone foundations of the large houses and the church were destroyed by dynamite. The people have built for themselves little nipa and bamboo houses amongst the ruins, but the only indications of their "astounding progress" is in the names of the streets which an enterprising presidente has changed with a due regard to the new future which lies before them. The desolate and dusty main road with its discouraged pigs and chickens is McKinley street, while to the right and left branch off Washington Ave., Michigan Ave., Roosevelt Ave., etc. Every one who could get away has gone; there are almost no work animals, and the people are utterly discouraged and wretchedly poor. Yet only six years ago this was a vigorous and flourishing little town, and the ruins of the big church and the heaps of shattered stone about the town seem to indicate some little past prosperity. I asked the Justice of the Peace if they hoped for better times soon, and he turned his dark and melancholy face away and said No, he was afraid it would be a long time.

Tuy is, of course, the scene of Ysabelo Capacia's death, and I learned a few of the details which subsequent investigation brought out. Lieutenant "Shawski's" or Kievaski's guilt was not clearly proved, partly because he claimed that he himself was not present when the water cure was administered; but that he had given the prisoner into the hands of the constabulary officer Bunzon for examination who was responsible for the torture. Moreover, the doctor who examined the body reported that Ysabelo had died of "heart disease"! The whole matter was accordingly dropped. Lieutenant Kievaski, who is a Pole, has the reputation of being a brutal man, and subsequently tortured Presidente Macalagnim by having him beaten in the public square, until the unhappy man, des-

perate with pain and humiliation and supposing that he had only a slow and painful death to look forward to, took the matter into his own hands and flung himself down a deep well. As it happened, however, the water was low, and some of the neighbors who saw his act raised a cry and he was rescued alive. A woman who had been an eye witness took us over and showed us the well.

Early Saturday morning, April 25th, the Purisima arrived in Balayan, and I bade a reluctant farewell to the hospitable family in Balayan, and went aboard to take with her the trip to the various ports of call where she stops, and so on back to Manila. We reached Batangas about four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, and called on the family of Governor Luz. The governor was not at home, but his two daughters received us very cordially, and gave us a warm invitation to stay several days and go up to Lipa. They took us driving about the town which has a bustling atmosphere, due chiefly to the fact that it is a distributing centre for the army, and for the civil government. We met Governor Luz on the shore returning from a hunting trip, and had a little chat with him before leaving, but it was impossible to talk with him very much on account of his deafness. He seems to be universally respected, although some of the Filipinos think he yields too easily to American influences, and does not show enough independence of spirit.

We anchored off Pitogo, Tayabas Province, early Sunday morning, and I went ashore with the captain of the Purisima. Pitogo is a small and depressing town, and everything seems to be at a standstill. The town, however, has always been noted for its backwardness and lack of enterpise. I saw no horses at all, and only two carabao; the only export is copra, and very little of that although there are plenty of trees. There was only one resident

American last year, Mr. Mathews the school-teacher, and he committed suicide! The town really does show enterprise in one direction; it builds ships! They are at present constructing a steamer, over a hundred and seventy feet long, and have got all the ribs in place. The master builder is an inoffensive looking Filipino who lives in a nipa hut on the outskirts of the town near his ship. He is entirely self taught, and has built several good sized sailing vessels which are now doing good service. The steamer seems to be progressing satisfactorily, but slowly, and it will probably take two or three years to complete her, for they have no machinery, and tools of the simplest kind only, so that everything must be done by hand. This master builder is the big man of the town, and is said to earn as much as three pesos a day!

We reached Boac Marinduque Sunday evening, but I did not go ashore until the next morning. The town is about a mile from the shore, built on a little hill with precipitous sides, and is very picturesque with its innumerable cocoanut palms. The church, which is very old, occupies the highest point and is strongly fortified. The town exports chiefly hemp and copra, and is therefore not suffering quite so severely from the lack of animals as the Batangas towns. We called on one or two families, and I saw a number of the hand looms on which the hemp is woven into cloth of really beautiful texture.

We reached Gazan the next day. It is the neighboring town to Boac, and resembles it in many ways. There was a little private school in full operation in spite of the heat, and, to judge by the sound, the children were studying conscientiously.

We arrived at Batangas again early Wednesday morning, but stopped only for an hour or two, and then dropped

down to the neighboring town of Bauan. It is a picturesque old town and many of the best houses in the central part of the town have been destroyed. When I asked the reason I was told that the people of Bauan had very strict ideas of loyalty to one another; and that during the war one of the residents had been persuaded by the Americans to join their secret service force and act as a spy on his neighbors and fellow townsmen, with the result that he had been assassinated in the public square. The Americans were unable to learn who had committed the crime, and accordingly burned the central part of the town, by way of a general warning.

Late in the same afternoon we stopped for a couple of hours at Taal. Taal and Lemery form, in fact, one large town, being separated only by a river. Formerly it was the largest and one of the richest towns in the province. It was, however, burned by the Americans, and very largely destroyed, and is still in a thoroughly depressed condition. The streets are almost deserted except in the very central part of the town, and the nipa shacks built up among the ruins are an eloquent testimony to the poverty of the town.

We reached Manila Thursday forenoon, April 30, and found the harbor gaily decorated in honor of the arrival of Vice-Governor Wright on the Korea. We came up the crowded Pasig under the full heat of the noonday sun, and it was only with some difficulty that a carriage could be found to take us across the city.

Manila, May 2, 1903.

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In regard to the St. Louis Exposition, the general feeling among the Filipinos seems to be that it is an opportunity not to be lost to show the Americans of what they

are really capable, and what sort of a civilization they have. They are, however, a good deal troubled by the prominence which the commission is giving to the exhibit of "Non-Christian Tribes," and are not at all satisfied by the compromise which the commission has made—namely, to exhibit the "Christian tribes," and the "Non-Christian tribes" separately. The commission is, I believe, planning to make the Filipino exhibit quite a feature of the Exposition, and has allotted a large space, and many of the wealthier Filipinos are planning to go in a private capacity as visitors.

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I was told, by one of the officers in Balayan, that the deficits in the insular treasury are made up by drafts from the U. S. treasury. I do not know what his authority is, but he seemed to have no doubt on the subject. Tayabas is said to be the only self-supporting province.

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Monday, May 11, 1903.

In the ten days before going to Balayan nothing of any particular interest occurred. I made a number of calls, namely on Conchita Castillo, Maria Agoncillo and one or two others. During Holy Week I saw several of the religious processions, which are quite worth going a long way to see. I saw three, the most interesting being one in the walled city, where the whole effect was thoroughly homogeneous. The thing was perfectly medieval from the old Spanish buildings, the narrow, badly paved streets and the big cathedral on the corner, to the friars in their robes and the faces of the men and women in the procession, which bore precisely the same serious, devout and half-developed look that one sees so often in the old German paintings. The procession was very gorgeous indeed, the main feature being the images of the saints borne on elaborate *andas* or platforms, decorated with

flowers and candles. Between these images marched long straggling files of men, women and children bearing candles which the wind was continually blowing out. There were also several bands of music, which gave forth strange, creepy strains well calculated to produce repentance and remorse in the hardest heart. In all the processions there were a number of figures, dressed in deep purple gowns with wide lace collars, barefoot and bearing sundry strange objects. Some were men and some women, but as they were all dressed exactly alike and masked, it was difficult to tell which were which. They were crowned with flowers, and looked as if they had strayed from some carnival, but I was told that they were "promesas;" that is, they had made a vow to walk in the procession thusly clothed if some particular petition of theirs were granted; and they did it with earnest seriousness quite unaware, apparently, of their somewhat ridiculous appearance. In one procession a couple of hundred men had apparently made a vow to help carry the *anda* of a particular saint, and as they were all bent on fulfilling their promises, it looked, at one time, as though the saint were being mobbed. During Thursday and Friday of Holy Week, there were practically no carriages on the street at all, every one devoted the day to the many religious observances; there was no disorder of any sort in spite of the fact that it was a legal holiday, and the general atmosphere was more like that of an old-fashioned New England Sunday than anything that I have ever encountered outside of New England.

When the boat stopped at Boac, Manuel took me ashore to call upon the Srta. in whom he is supposed to be so particularly interested. He had been chaffed about her quite liberally by every Sra. and Srta. whom we had visited at the previous ports of call, so he was naturally rather embarrassed. The Srta. was also decidedly self-conscious, and conversation was somewhat difficult, especially as her

mother speaks very little Spanish. They were very cordial, however, and Manuel certainly appears to have shown excellent judgment. Srta. Leonor is a dainty little creature, about as large as Clemencia, with a beautiful clear skin, and big, well-opened eyes. She is secretary of the local committee of young women to collect exhibits for the St. Louis Exposition.

At Batangas on the return trip, Cipriano and Felix Unzon came aboard to go back to Balayan. They had been to Batangas to attend a meeting of delegates from all parts of the Province to ask for the postponement of the new land tax for two or three years until the land shall have begun to produce something. Although a land tax of that sort is quite a new institution, they did not seem to object to it in principle at all; but it seemed to be the consensus of Filipino opinion that it was unwise to impose it under the present conditions.

Thursday, April 30th, the day of my return from the visit to Balayan, Vice-Governor Wright returned from the States. He was given a rousing welcome, but it seems to have been almost entirely an American demonstration. Of course the Filipinos came out in crowds to see the show and did more or less shouting, and those who had any official connection with the government did as much as was expected of them. It is, however, very generally understood here that it is Governor Taft's policy to rule for the benefit of the Filipinos, but that it is General Wright's policy—or would be if he were governor,—to govern for the benefit of the American interests in the Islands. The result is that most of the Americans are very anxious that he shall be Taft's successor, and they never lose any opportunity to show their liking for him. This may explain the earnestness of the Filipino desire to have Taft remain as governor, and the demonstration in his favor last year when there was so much talk of his returning to the States. Governor Taft is freely accused out here of discriminating

against the Americans. There is quite a large party here who want what might be called an independent American government for the Islands; they realize perfectly well what a tremendous drawback it is to the country to be governed by a Congress ten thousand miles away and in which they have no representative, and they want to get the Islands into their own hands and run things in their own interests, bring in coolie labor, etc. As for the Filipinos, it is argued that any plan which will make the Islands prosperous will undoubtedly make them prosperous also.

The week after my return from the provinces has been chiefly devoted to making arrangements to open an office. Sunday night, May 3d, I dined with Miss Ross and met a Mr. Eyre who has been a stenographer here for the last four years and who is now doing court work. He has wanted an office to work from for sometime, but as he is out a good deal of the time it had hardly seemed worth while to open one alone. When Miss Ross told him that I was anxious to start an office, he suggested that we combine our forces, and as this would give me the benefit of his experience in Manila, and his wide business acquaintance, I was very glad to do so. It was accordingly so arranged. I am to stay in the office and do whatever work comes in, or go out for smaller pieces of work, and he to continue his court work, and, in the intervals, do as much general work as he has time for. He seemed to think that there was plenty of work and that in a short time we ought to have all that we can handle. There is, at any rate in this part of the city, no regular public stenographer. There is a large sign out on the building in which we have located, but the owner thereof has not been seen for over a year. I saw a sign over in the walled city, and there is a woman in the Hotel Oriente. The chief competition will be from government clerks who do work out of hours, and as the government only expects

its employees to work five hours, they have considerable time to do extra work. I am told that several people have started an office, but without much success.

We have found an office on the Escolta in the Paris Building which is just at the foot of the Bridge of Spain. We are to have one end of the outside office of the two which Judge McGirr occupies. He himself uses the inside office, and his clients come through the outside office, and his two office boys sit at the other end of it, while we have the end next the window. It is fairly airy, and the location is as central as it well could be. We are sending out between three and four hundred cards to the various business houses and government offices and lawyers, and we are going to put up cards in the various hotels and clubs, etc. Mr. Eyre will himself see personally a number of firms where he is known.

Sunday morning, May 10th, the special commissioner, Thomas Fortune, colored, who lives in my house, left for the States. I had a little talk with him before he went, and he proved to be a rather intelligent man. He is very indignant indeed at the shabby treatment which he considers he has received at the hands of the American authorities out here, and when he gets back he will probably have something to say unless the administration hushes him up. He has a very poor opinion of the Filipinos. He told me something of his trips through the provinces investigating the labor conditions. He speaks no Spanish whatever, and has taken with him as interpreter a former captain of one of the colored regiments who speaks "bamboo" Spanish and some of the native dialects. This Captain Woods is a big, husky, six-foot negro, black as night, and I was not surprised that Mr. Fortune should have had considerable difficulty in getting lodging, guides, etc. It seems that they had a good deal of difficulty in getting sufficient food, and I was rather amused at one story Mr. Fortune told. It seems that at one place they had arrived at night with-

out warning, and the people had not been able to provide them with a very solid supper. So the next morning they came down to breakfast with ravenous appetites, and hoping that over night the natives had been able to hunt up something hearty. Presently in fluttered the native woman who was serving them, all politeness, and set down before these two big, healthy, hungry negroes,—two small cups of coffee and six lady fingers!

After Mr. Fortune had gone I moved over into his room which is much pleasanter than my old one. It is a corner room with windows practically all the way around the two outside walls, and facing to the east and south. The furniture is something really quite magnificent, especially the center table, which is a tremendous affair, perfectly round and with a solid marble top. The Sra. assures me that it is very old and I have no doubt she is correct. It is going to be a very pretty and comfortable room. It is just possible, however, that I may have to give it up, as there is a Spaniard who has a sort of an option on it; he has been away, but he may return and claim it.

This morning we sent out our notices and moved into the office. Judge McGirr proves to be most affable and is somewhat inclined to be loquacious. He came in this morning, as I was setting my desk in order, with a handful of cheap pictures, of about the sort that come with "Sweet Home Soap," of the usual sentimental, kindergarten type. I do not know whether he bought them for my special benefit or whether he had them on hand. I really wanted to tell him that I had my own ideas about decorating the office, but he was so pleased with them and so friendly that there was nothing to do but help him stick them up. They blow down from time to time and the office boys have to put them up again.

May 19, 1903.

If it were the custom of the country for women to attend

funeral services I should have tried to make some arrangement to attend Mabini's funeral last Saturday with some of my Filipino friends. As it was, however, no better plan presented itself than to go as the great mass of the people went,—on foot. Accordingly I walked out to Sampaloc, reaching the square from which the procession was to start at about half-past four. Already a great crowd had gathered, and when the procession finally started at about five o'clock the broad avenue as far as one could see was packed.

It was purely and entirely a Filipino gathering; I saw no Americans other than a few curious idlers who apparently lived in the immediate neighborhood. The funeral procession itself was thoroughly characteristic; first came a band of music, then a hearse completely covered with elaborate wreaths and drawn by twelve jet black horses with black plumes and caparisons, and at the head of each a lackey in a strange, old-fashioned black uniform, three-cornered hat and tow wig, all rather oddly suggestive of the Vicar of Wakefield. Following came two hearses with floral offerings, then a very large floral piece from the Federal Party, and last the hearse bearing Mabini's body and the flowers presented by his family and intimate friends. Immediately behind followed, on foot and bareheaded but in no special order, his friends and the representatives of various organizations, and the procession proper was closed by another band. And all about this central nucleus, crowding close but without jostling or disorder, came the Filipino people, thousands of them, many of them on foot; and, as far as the eye could reach, carriages and yet more carriages filling the wide avenue from sidewalk to sidewalk.

At first, to an American, there was a certain incongruity about the bands of music, the strange, mediaeval funeral pomp and the entire lack of any system or formal arrangement of the following people; but after a little this feeling

wore away. There could be no question about the wonderful appropriateness and expressiveness of the violin music, and there was something strangely and deeply impressive about the democratic simplicity of this great orderly silent gathering, rich and poor together following in the heat and dust of the street, and the throng of dark serious faces, so plainly stamped with the deeper melancholy of a long subject race,—a sadness so deep that it seems to have grown into the very modelling of their features.

It seemed as though the whole city of Manila had gathered, and I could not help noticing the large proportion of strong and finely intelligent faces, especially among Mabini's more intimate friends. Most noticeable also, and with a certain suggestiveness for the future, was the extraordinary number of young men, many of them evidently students, keen, thoughtful and intelligent-looking.

The lateness of the hour made it impossible to go out to the distant cemetery, so at the turning of the road I and many others turned back to the city, but a large majority followed all the way.

On Monday evening I called on Sr. Barretto to ascertain whether it might not be possible to obtain some of Mabini's unpublished writings, and he took me to call upon Sr. Rosario, an old friend of Mabini's, in whose house Mabini had lived in his student days and with whom he had studied law. It proved entirely out of the question to get anything, firstly because all the papers were still in charge of the Sanitary Department, and secondly because, during his imprisonment in Guam and since his return to Manila Mabini has given practically his whole time to the writing of a large work, a history of the Philippine Revolution which he himself has translated into English, and to an exhaustive study of the laws issued by the Philippine Commission during his imprisonment.